

Good Morning

\$53

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of Office of Admiral (Submarines)

Beneath The Surface

With AL MALE

"STAND to—let God arise and scatter His enemies." Sounds almost like a pre-battle call by Nelson, Drake or Cromwell, doesn't it? Yet actually it is the pre-invasion call by General Sir Bernard Montgomery to the whole nation.

Some people received a bit of a jolt when they heard it, and went so far as to say that Montgomery had "gone too far," as if to suggest that words of that type are out of date nowadays.

Unfortunately, they were right, to a certain degree.

It seems that to many people such words ARE definitely out of date... they dismissed them years ago as childish and unnecessary.

Those kind of people can, so they think, get along quite nicely without calling on Divine help.

Maybe they can, but one cannot help wondering if their interests are of the kind which would have Divine approval anyway.

Be this as it may, the fact remains that a great many people DO realise the importance of Divine assistance, and as General Montgomery is one of them, he appeals to all others of like mind throughout the Empire; in fact, no doubt, throughout the world.

Because any righteous cause must affect the whole world.

General Montgomery is a God-fearing man, who has not forced his ideas down the throats of his troops, but has set them such an example that he has been an inspiration to them, with results which have proved to the hilt the soundness of his code.

He believes, first of all, that the Cause is RIGHT.

If the Cause is Right, it obviously belongs to the Source of all Righteousness, and therefore it is just as obvious that the believer should be constantly "attuned" to that source, and so receive the full benefit of it, continually.

People who have never experienced the benefit of Divine help are inclined to think that there is no such thing. Yet time and time again apparent wonders have been achieved and miracles performed by those who have had faith.

Because, you see, those who have faith in the power of the Almighty know full well that there cannot possibly be anything more powerful than that which is ALMIGHTY... that there cannot be anything more loving than that which is Love itself, and there cannot be anything which can possibly outlast the Everlasting.

The Creator doesn't ever "go sick" and let the universe get out of control whilst He recovers... nor does He take a holiday and appoint a deputy.

His power is available ALWAYS, and if that power controls the Universe (and there is no denying that some power DOES), then it is not imagining too much to believe man can derive some good from such a force, surely.

Nature seems to produce some very lovely results... so lovely, in fact, that human beings cannot help admiring them and trying half their lives to create a replica... yet man is endowed with a brain and hands to create.

What must the Creator be endowed with?

Just so much of everything which is power for Good, that we cannot comprehend it... it is inexhaustible. Yet it is available to all. All, of course, who have the desire for Good and the eradication of evil.

In part of General Montgomery's message he said: "In the Eighth Army the inspiration had its roots in my call to the soldiers before Alamein. 'The Lord, mighty in battle, will give us victory.'"

Well, we all know that it was so.

In fact, the Eighth Army came to be regarded as unbeatable because of the spirit of its troops... the spirit infused by its commander and his chaplains... the only spirit which cannot be beaten, because its origin is the Almighty.

But this time it is the nation as well as the fighting men who are called upon.

"This is the time," says Montgomery, "when there must swell up in the nation every noble thought, every high ideal, every great purpose which has waited through the weary years."

The special glory of the whole endeavour must be a surge of the whole people's finest qualities worthy to be the prayer, "Let God arise and let His enemies be scattered."

A tide to swell up... composed of the nation's noble thoughts, high ideals and great purposes... a surge of the people's finest qualities worthy to be a prayer.

Sounds like a tall order, doesn't it?

But fine qualities, high ideals and great purposes are part of the finest, the highest, the greatest... they are part of the Divine... hence part of the most powerful force in the Universe, and as such are capable of achieving the seemingly impossible.

Christ said, "Where two or three are gathered together in My name, there am I in the midst of them."

What, then, must be the case where a whole nation is gathered together in His name... what power for Good there must be.

General Montgomery has proved that the Christian armour is invincible... Cromwell, Drake and Nelson, to name only a few, had the faith to prove it, too.

And I think you will agree that they were all very human men. There is not the slightest reason why it should not be done again.

Let that "tide" swell up from the nation... the support of the Almighty is assured, because He NEVER changes.

Cheerio and Good Hunting.

"SWINDLER SQUARE"

THE benefactor who gave us Leicester Square as a pleasant oasis amidst the whirl and rattle of the West End, was a very kind gentleman. He paid £30,000 for that bit of ground, cleared away the dead dogs and cats, planted lawns and flower beds, and graced the four corners with busts of famous men, and William Shakespeare full length in the centre.

Now, wasn't that nice of the kind gentleman!

His name was Albert Grant, a Dubliner born and a baron of Italy, and there are people still living who remember him as the dirtiest swindler who ever wheedled the life-savings out of trusting and ignorant persons. Dirtier even than Jabez Balfour, Bottomley, Hooley, and Whitaker Wright.

Grant could afford that £30,000. He was a share-pusher. He got £24,000,000 out of the public to float his worthless companies and lost £20,000,000 of it. Those were the days before Limited Liability, and hundreds of thousands of small investors were buried in the ruins of his bankrupt enterprises.

Grant's family name was Gottheimer, and his father was a dealer in foreign fancy goods in Newgate Street. Little is known of the character-forming years of young Albert's

life, but when he launched out for himself on the sea of finance there was nothing anyone could teach him about steering a profitable course.

In 1868, when he was 38, the title of Baron was conferred on Albert Grant by King Victor Emmanuel of Italy as a reward for financing the Galleria Vittorio Emanuele, an arcade close to the Duomo in Milan, and the most spacious structure

J. S. Newcombe
talks about
Leicester Square,
London

of its kind in Europe at the time.

Inspired by the Crystal Palace in Hyde Park, the arcade was built of iron and glass, and was lined with jewellers' shops and cafés, a fashionable resort for the afternoon apéritif. Grant raised £320,000 to pay for the arcade.

This title-earning venture was, oddly enough, managed quite honestly. But the title was made ridiculous by a quip current when Grant's many



Leicester Square in the Old Days.

companies failed. It ran like this:—

"Title a king can grant, Honour he can't. Title without honour is a Baron Grant."

Perhaps the most notorious of Grant's swindles was the Emma Silver Mine, a quite worthless property which he floated with a capital of £1,000,000 in shares of £20 each.

He was unquestionably an artist in the writing of flamboyant circulars. Even shrewd investors were won over by the magic of his style. The capital for the Silver Mine was eagerly subscribed by them, as well as by the suckers. The profits were estimated at £800,000 a year.

Baron Grant netted a cool £100,000 from the promotion—and the shareholders got a shilling for every £20 share they held.

This was the receiver's method when the companies—went bankrupt. He'd run his finger down the list of shareholders and pick out the richest one. He'd go for him, under the system of unlimited liability, and bleed him white.

The next wealthiest would then be bled, and so on down the list, until all the creditors had been satisfied. The poorest investors were sometimes lucky enough to escape.

No failure or disgrace deterred Albert Grant. His highly-coloured prospectuses and circulars continued to go out to the clergy, Army pensioners, widows, and the less well-to-do people who were only too ready for a chance to increase their incomes.

With a fellow crook named Doulton, he raked in £2,000,000 to float the Belgian Public Works Company. The partners lifted an initial £100,000 of this sum, and when a public enquiry was held in the Belgian

courts the judge said: "It is quite clear that the general body of shareholders... have been defrauded."

He was in the courts also in 1877 over trouble with the Lisbon Steam Tramways Company, and had an award of £700 made against him. During the course of the action it was stated that the Court of Chancery had made a decree against Grant to pay £85,000, and 89 other actions awaited hearing.

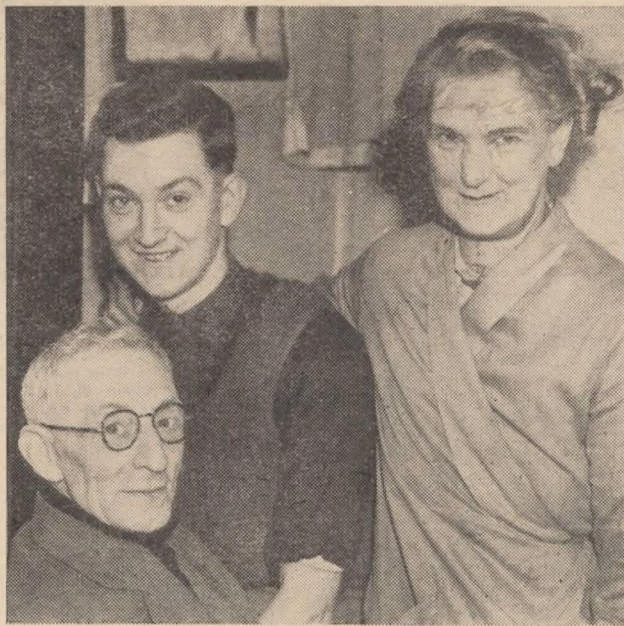
When he was making big money, Grant bought twelve acres of land near Kensington Gardens, and built a sumptuous palace called Kensington House. He cleared away an unsavoury rookery called the Irish colony, which had long been a nuisance to the parish, and put in its place a delightful formal garden with three acres of water.

Though the mansion cost more than a million pounds, Grant didn't live in it. His troubles had begun. The site was eventually sold and the house pulled down in 1883.

One of its resplendent features was a noble marble staircase with bronze handrails. Madame Tussaud's bought it for their exhibition.

Baron Albert Grant was never a member of the Stock Exchange, and the sort of practice he followed is hardly possible in these days of Limited Liability.

Shakespeare's wisecrack that "the evil that men do lives after them; the good is oft interred with their bones," isn't true of Grant. People will continue to enjoy a rest in the green oasis of Leicester Square long after the Baron's swindles have passed into the limbo of forgotten things.



News and Photo from Home for L/S Dennis Cooke

NEWS from home for you, Leading Seaman Dennis Cooke, starts at the local. Mr. mine host at the "Dog and Pheasant," says it is time you were taking post in the corner again, because Charlie and Bob are fresh out of gossip.

Bob, by the way, has recently been appointed stoker-in-chief. It's been said, too, that he even saw the logs. Nobby was home on leave when we called, and he postscripts the pub news with heartiest greetings.

At your house, "The Roundways," Brook, Surrey, mother and father were enjoying their after-lunch cup of tea, and we readily joined them round the fire.

Patricia had just returned to school, but Pete, who is now seeing the country from the footplate of a railway engine, was scrubbing away

the remaining signs of a hard day's work.

Pete had just celebrated his eighteenth birthday, but was more concerned with the motor-cycle that he had newly made roadworthy.

Brother Ted is also working hard; tree-felling is his occupation now, and the other folk say he gets huskier every week. Last week saw yet another H.G. service tape go up—that makes four.

Mother and father are both particularly fit, and send all their love and best wishes. Your mother joked about the coal rationing; it would hurt you, she mused, not to be able to tip the coal bucket right upside-down.

Little more news from Brook, Surrey, Dennis. Your little village is, just as ever, symbolic of "This England." Good Hunting!

Thoughts for Sunday

Some feelings are to mortals given
With less of earth in them
than heaven.

Sir Walter Scott.
Nor sink those stars in empty night:
They hide themselves in heaven's own light.
James Montgomery (1771-1854).

Tranquillity! thou better name
Than all the family of Fame.
Coleridge.

Love is indestructible,
Its holy flame forever burneth;
From heaven it came, to heaven returneth.
Southey.

Sentimentally I am disposed to harmony; but organically I am incapable of a tune.
Charles Lamb, "A Chapter on Ears."

Your letters are welcome! Write to
"Good Morning"
c/o Press Division,
Admiralty,
London, S.W.1

Sir, I would rather be right than be President.
Henry Clay, speech, 1850.

Whatever makes men good Christians, makes them good citizens.
Daniel Webster (1782-1852).

Napoleon's troops fought in bright fields, where every helmet caught some gleams of glory; but the British soldier conquered under the cool shade of aristocracy. No honours awaited his darling, no despatch gave his name to the applauses of his countrymen; his life of danger and hardship was uncheered by hope, his death unnoticed.

Sir W. F. P. Napier, Peninsular War, 1810. The thorns which I have reaped are of the tree I planted; they have torn me, and I bleed. I should have known what fruit would spring from such seed.

Byron. Strike—for your altars and your fires! Strike—for the green graves of your sires!

God, and your native land! Fitz-Greene Halleck (1790-1867).

Life, like a dome of many-coloured glass, Stains the white radiance of eternity.

Shelley.



Fred Kitchen tells how Tar saved Otters

DOWN on the marshes the stream winds its way between the pasture and the woodlands, and not a soul is to be seen from one week-end to another.

Only Shep—who walks across occasionally to visit the store cattle turned out to “gist” for the summer—sees the glorious spread of king-cups, or marsh-marigolds, which turn the boggy pasture into a “cloth of gold.”

It was he, too, who first saw the mother otter playing with her youngsters on the opposite bank of the stream.

She didn't know, of course, that a pair of human eyes was watching her frolics from behind the screen of patiently grazing cattle.

Several times she slid easily and gracefully down the slippery bank into the stream, while her young ones peeped with serious, cat-like faces through the long grasses as though fearful of mother meeting a watery grave.

Each time, on entering the water, the mother rolled over and over in sheer delight, and then, seeing that her family showed no inclination to follow—glided nimbly behind them and tipped each unsuspecting youngster into the water.

At first they tried to paddle out of their bath. But after being ducked and rolled over a few times they began to enjoy the fun of bathing, and were soon playing “follow your leader” down the slippery bank into the stream.

Shep inadvertently remarked to his friends in the tap-room of the “Plough” on the merry antics of the family “down in the marshes,” and one sporty member expressed his desire to “have a pop at ‘em.”

Shep confided, as he walked homeward with Jesse:

“I wish I'd kept my mouth shut about them otters, Jesse!” To which Jesse replied, “Aye—it don't do to let some folk know o' these things.”

Next morning Jesse was out long before the hour for work, striding alongside the stream in the direction of the marshes.

He carried a tin of Stockholm tar, borrowed off neighbour Shep—whose calling requires a plentiful supply of that stuff for sheep dressing.

He moved cautiously amongst the cattle until he came opposite to where Shep had seen the otter at play, but he could see no sign of the family. He had hoped they would all be out.

Then, looking along the stream, he was pleased to see the whole family having breakfast on some large boulders that stood out amidstream.

The mother had caught a trout, and was dividing the spoil amongst her family; and Jesse, grinning to himself at the anglers who declared the stream held no trout, found a shallow place and jumped across.

He found several holes in the wood. He smeared each entrance well with Stockholm tar, apologised to Mrs. Otter for the smell, and returned to the farm.

It was Saturday night in the tap-room of the “Plough,” and the “sporting” member informed the company, staring half-reproachfully at Shep:

“Ole Shep's bin seein' things down in yon wilderness—I've waited hours an' hours, an' there ain't no otters thereabout at all!”

“They mebbe smelt yer comin'!” said Jesse—at which fatuous remark the “sporting” member glared at Jesse as though he, too, were an animal he'd like “to have a pop at.”

They didn't 'Stick to Last'—and found fame

Maurice Bensley Denies “Cobbler stick to your Last” Adage To-day

relieve his mind of business worries he gave his hobby free rein.

Asked by his son to “make him something,” he knocked together a three-wheeled scooter. Soon all the boys in the neighbourhood wanted one of these new toys. Its novelty made a wider and wider appeal. White dropped magic lanterns, built a scooter factory, and rode to fortune on a “Kiddle Kar.”

Morse, who invented telegraphy, was an artist. So was Tony Sarg; but Sarg was also intensely interested in dolls. Among his grandmother's belongings was a book on puppets, and he became so absorbed in the subject that for years he spent evenings and holidays in the British Museum, studying the marionettes of the Middle Ages.

From these dolls he conceived the Punch and Judy show, and became famous throughout Europe and America.

Half the ingenious and permanent devices used on the railways were the result of efforts by men whose business was certainly not engineering.

Pullman was a street contractor. Janney, who was responsible for the original automatic coach coupler, was a clerk in a drapery store.

You remember the old open platforms on tube trains? The vestibule buffer which has now done away with these was a doctor's idea.

The man who at 23 years of age invented the Westinghouse automatic brake, now used on all our electric trains, was more a carpenter than a machinist. The electric locomotive itself

was the fruit of the outside interests of a school teacher named Farmer.

BOTTLED BY THE DEAN.

It was a Dean of St. Paul's who discovered the advantages of bottling beer, to the advantage of himself and many others since.

Alexander Nowell was a keen fisherman, and often took his gallon of beer in a stone jar for a quiet day on the Thames. But one day, while fishing, he was warned that Bishop Bonner was seeking his arrest as a heretic. Hastily burying his beer in the bank, the Dean fled to the Continent.

The affair blew over, and years afterwards Nowell returned and recovered his beer.

He found it “no beer, but a gun, so great was the sound at the opening thereof.” Tasting it, he discovered that the beverage had fermented in the bottle, gaining wonderfully in flavour and “briskness.”

Born of interests quite outside the limits of his job were the spare-time exploits of a certain underwriter at Lloyd's. His name was Malcolm Campbell; his motoring activities brought him world-wide prosperity and renown.

Even one of Europe's dictators can attribute his power and wealth to what was for years an activity far removed from his bread and butter. Adolf Hitler, successively a carpenter, artist, officer in the Bavarian Army, had an obsession for economic reform.

Every moment he could snatch from his work, and later from an all-engaging military routine, was devoted to the subject of his ambitions. He formed the German National-Socialist Party, and, as its leader, galloped his hobby-horse into the Reichstag.

GEORGE ARLISS, PRINTER.

Stage and screen have made famous several once spare-time actor enthusiasts. Irving began life as a commercial clerk, devoted every spare moment to amateur theatricals, and became the greatest tragedian of his age.

More recently, George Arliss used to rely for his bread and butter on his father's printing and publishing business.

Ronald Colman sought relaxation from the distasteful work of book-keeping with the Bancroft Amateur Dramatic Society.

Scores of people have piloted a literary sideline to success. Charles Dickens was originally a solicitor's clerk, W. W. Jacobs a civil servant, Joseph Conrad a merchant seaman. John Drinkwater, famous playwright and critic, spent many years as an insurance clerk. H. G. Wells was a draper's assistant.

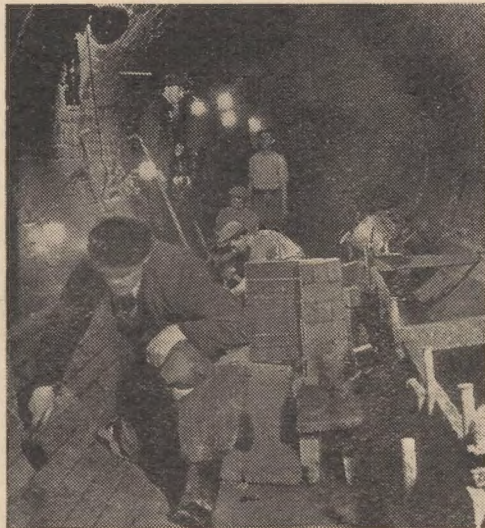
Who has not heard about the world sales of the children's favourite, “Alice in Wonderland”? The theme for this scarcely paralleled best-seller Lewis Carroll conceived, not from any associations with his work as a theologian, but from the small statue of a rabbit in the sculptury of a church at Beverley, where he often used to spend his holidays.

Although he had never been to sea in his life, Mr. R. M. Harring, a retired London police inspector, of Trowbridge, had made such a close spare-time study of ships that he became a recognised authority on construction and flag signals. After his death recently it was discovered that he had a classified library of 1,500 valuable books on these subjects.

Harring knew all the famous sea history dates, and could read signals with expert accuracy. When acknowledged sea authorities erred, Mr. Harring, the policeman, put them right.

Let's look down our City Drains

(Invites Harold A. Albert)



DOWN below London's pavements lies a world of tunnels and waterfalls, ghost noises and warmth, the world of London's subterranean waterways... the secret sewers.

I've just been exploring them. Come with me down an iron ladder beneath lordly Belgravia into a red-bricked tunnel, with a sewerman.

Joe Brewer, our guide, carries a safety lamp to flash a red warning in the presence of dangerous gases. But the humid atmosphere is no worse than a greenhouse.

“Healthy!” says Joe. “Many of us sewer men know illness only by name. Always an even temperature down below. Sixty degrees—and no chilly draughts save when the rain falls!”

He tells how a heavy rain-storm a mile or two away sends a gush of air along the tunnels, the King's Scholar's Pond sewer or the Ranelagh. It's the sewerman's warning—to get out!

The sudden shower may bring the sewage water-level rising from inches to as many feet. I have seen a storm-flow four and a half feet deep rushing by at ten miles an hour. Men have been trapped in torrents of this kind.

The manholes exist to save their lives. But one sewer scout tells a rueful story of being dashed off his feet and swept along for 300 yards. They got him out just in time!

Joe has a fund of stories. Never in his life has he found a valuable ring down the drain. There's normally no means of recovering such things once they're flushed down the pipe, but Joe's lamp sometimes picks up the glint of a coin.

SHOWING A LEG.

A surprising number of empty wallets, too, find their way to the sewers, presumably flung there by pickpockets.

One of Joe's mates once came across a wooden leg—an inex-

plicably mysterious object to find afloat in sewage.

“Then there was the time,” says Joe, “when they found a five-pound note plastered on the screen at one of the outfalls. Talk about luck!”

We splash on, and the tunnel at this point is rather larger than that of a tube railway. You can extend both arms and not touch the sides, stand precariously on tiptoe and not reach the vaulted roofing.

London has 400 miles of main sewers like this one, and another 2,000 miles of two-foot sewers.

When a Londoner lets the water out of his bath it gushes down the house pipe into one of these two-footers, then runs into the main intercepting sewer, and begins the long five-hour journey to Barking.

Storm water alone now runs into the Thames in Central London. During a cloudburst the pumps at Hammersmith alone have discharged 137,000 tons of rain-water into the river.

With six other pumping stations at work, the rainfall that day must have contributed enough to fill Trafalgar Square twice over.

Yet the emergency pumping stations give the lie to the rainy traditions of English weather.

“The pumps run only two or three hundred hours a year,” says Joe. “You can't call that overtime!”

And the tunnel narrows now, and the smell changes. It's a pungent but genial odour—the smell of malt and hops.

“The waste of a brewery discharges into the sewer just about here,” Joe explains.

ACCORDING TO SMELL.

Every quarter of London, in fact, brings a distinctive character in its sewers. There's still a distinct smell of bath-salts underneath Belgravia, but nothing like it used to be.

Billingsgate drain-water is fishy, and the sewage of Covent Garden smells rural.

There's a heavy and continuous flow of oily water from a big garage where cars are being washed, and another high-pressure waterfall indicates a big hotel.

Suddenly we hear a rat scuffling to cover behind a brick buttress.

“That one must have come through a defective house drain,” Joe says. “We cleaned out all the sewage ones with stale cheese doctored with zinc phosphide. Thousands there were, brown ones, but they fell to the poisoned bait...”

Corpses of rats are still being washed up at the pumping station at Abbey Mills. North London's sewage runs for miles by gravity, but 18 square miles of London are below the level of normal tide, and gravity breaks down at West Ham. The Abbey Mills pumps raise the sewage forty feet to five large sewers which flow direct to the outfall works.

At Barking, rags are salvaged and the residue sludge is run into tankers to be dumped into the North Sea.

Joe says we're casting our natural sewage wealth every year to the fishes—and trying to make up for it by putting artificial fertiliser on the land.

The drainage of London costs £500,000 a year—and sewer men believe that the salvage and chemical treatment of sewage sludge could repay the £ s. d. twice over.

PUZZLE CORNER

1				
2				
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D	E	M	O	N
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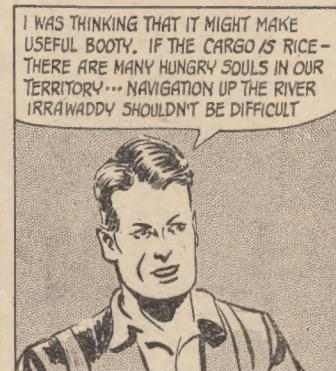
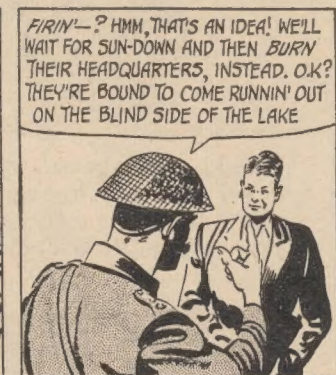
Solution to Puzzle in S51.

- Turner's machine tool.
- Audibly.
- An orderly arrangement for show.
- Shyly, modestly.

When you have filled in the missing words according to the clues given below, you will find that the centre column down gives you the name of something we are all waiting for.

- Talks Irrationally.
- Deception.
- Shining, transparent.

BUCK RYAN



STAMP MARKET NEWS

By J.S. Newcombe

A FULL plate of photographs of famous stamps is to be published in the next edition of the Encyclopaedia Britannica. Mr. Charles H. Hahn, of Illinois, was commissioned to select the stamps, and a great deal of interest was shown by American philatelic papers as to his probable choice.

The New York paper, "Stamps," compiled their own list of famous stamps worthy of a place in the Britannica.

They selected, first of all, the famous British Guiana 1c. stamp, because it is generally recognised as the rarest stamp in the world. They followed this with the Post Office Mauritius; the Hawaiian Missionaries; the British Guiana circular stamps; the Canada 12d. black; and the Bermuda Postmaster stamp.



Their next classification was along historical lines, starting out with the Great Britain Penny Black, being the first stamp issued; followed by the Swiss Cantons, Zurich, Geneva, and Basle; then the Brazil Bull's Eye; and the United States 5c. and 10c. stamps, as the first issued by that country. Also, while on the United States section, they included the 24c. Airmail invert, as being one with a

romantic history.

Following this, they added the first stamps of the countries issuing stamps during the first ten years, including Trinidad, France, Belgium, Bavaria, Spain, New South Wales, Victoria, Austria, Saxony, Prussia, Schleswig-Holstein, and Hanover.

Their choice wound up with the Cape Triangles, Roman States, Sardinia, and Tuscany, as a few other stamps that are always intriguing.

An interesting list, even though it contains no "surprises." And here are the 20 stamps eventually selected for the Britannica plate: 1, Great Britain, Penny Black; 2, U.S. 5c. and 10c., 1847; 3, British Guiana, 1856; 4, U.S. \$1.00 Trans-Mississippi; 5, U.S. 24c. Airmail Invert; 6, Switzerland, Basle "Dove"; 7, Cape of Good Hope, a Triangular; 8, Brazil, a Bull's Eye; 9, Confederate State of America, 5c., 1861; 10, Hawaii 2c., Missionary; 11, Mauritius Post Office; 12, Belgium, Astrid; 13, Canada, Blue nose; 14, New South Wales, a Sydney View; 15, St. Louis, Bear; 16, Newfoundland, Hawker; 17, Germany, 50,000,000,000 mark value; 18, Guatemala, Constitution Sheet; 19, Russia, 1937 Airmail; 20, India, Bhor State No. 1.



The boom in stamp collecting is getting a lot of publicity in the English Press. The dailies were quick to sniff a story in it, and if what they print is sometimes more entertaining than accurate, the publicity is, I feel, encouraging to philatelists.

A City dealer in stamps told the London "Evening News" that the number of dealers has risen since the war from 300 to several thousands. They make between £6 and £10 a day. London, he says, has become the great stamp exchange of the world, and he estimates that the annual stamp turnover in war-time London is somewhere in the region of a million pounds.

"Many City stockbrokers and accountants have taken up stamp collecting — apparently as an investment rather than a hobby. Stamps that are most in demand are new issues — particularly British and the American stamps with the flags of the occupied countries on them. These fetch anything from three to eight times their face value. British Somaliland stamps are booming, too, for some reason."

Illustrated in this column is the shilling value of the Queen Salote jubilee set of Toga which I tipped recently. The two Cuba stamps are both recent issues. The first was issued for the Superannuation Fund of the Postal and Telegraph employees (there are three values, 1c., 3c. and 5c.), and the other is a commemorative for Eloy Alfaro, who was instrumental in getting Cuba's independence from Spain.



Good Morning

**Ten,
Twenty,
Thirty,
Forty,
Fifty
Years
ago—**



"Yes, 1877, it was. Don't you remember when we strolled on Clapham Common? I had my new rig, and little Emily was all dressed up in white. Clapham Common was aristocratic in those days, my word, it was!"



"This photograph always makes me smile, my dear. Do you know, I always imagine that someone has shot an arrow right into dear Lady What-you-may-call-her's. You-know-what-I-mean. Funny, isn't it!"



"Turn this way, Alf Higson. I'm ashamed of you. Just imagine, you of all people, staring at a rude hussy like that. What IS the world coming to?"



"Dear old Folkestone. What girls we were. Lizzie, Emily, Florrie, Gert and Mabel. Didn't care a hang for anybody, we didn't. I'll NEVER forget the rumpus we caused when we went into the sea almost naked like. Well—see for yourself."



"Talk about your Wimbledon's—Phooey! When our Maud was courting that gent. Cyril Hamstring they used to cause a sensation. He was a bit serious like at times, I'll admit, but I'll never, never understand why she let him slip through her hands. Too independent altogether, though, she was."



"Ah! The egg-and-spoon race. What fun! It was years after that Ethel Crook confessed that she'd put glue on her spoon. Still, it was the only prize she ever won in life. I can never understand why she never 'got off,' you know."



"Remember when we went to Moseley Lock, Alf, in 1890. WHAT a day we had, to be sure! You looked a real gent. in your white-striped trousers, you did, though I must say that when you and Harry Coggins fell in the river, fighting over the last Bass—well, perhaps I'd better not say any more."



"Skating? At Wimbledon, too, in 1900. Oh, no, she isn't resting, that's how they always learned. Don't you realise that no lady would risk falling on her thing-a-me-bob when I was a girl. What a difference NOW!"